
Title: Perfect Harmony

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Came the sun,
bright in all it's
glory.
Came the vastness of
white-bottomed clouds.
Came the wind,
lightly rustling the
treetops.
Came an orchestra of
birdsong rising and falling
with the wind...

And so it has begun.
That which doth live and
breath throughout our
realm. The very essence
to which we are
enlightened. And a path
scripted for all to
assume. One such path
adapted with much
diveristy to age and
races. A path once
leading in one altrusitic
result to a unified end,
now seperates our realm.
With the branching of
governmental and non
governmental organizations,
from one into dozens of
dozens, one path is now
many. As one would have
it, and so it seems it
could have been no other
way, this seperation of
one path is the cause of
much enmity for our
citizens, our leaders, our
lands.

As walls begin to crumble
and light is shed in all
directions, some are
awakened, whislt others
mayhaps blinded, turning
away. Some reach
for one another, finding
some armistice and
solace. And others shed

their blood violating that
which was established long
before them.

Woefull citizens of
Britannia, I beg of thee
to listen closely...

Our Virtues, given to us
by our beloved King,
despite ones own, or
perhaps ones

organization's plight,
predetermined, our path
to becoming Virtuous.

In tune, being that our
paths however seperated
now, without vacillating, in
time will they unite. For

I tell you, my brothers
and sisters of this land
if we are one with

Virtuosity, then also are
we one with eachother.

As it is written, society
was handed a common
base in the Virtues to
which would bond us for
our own strength and
prosperity.

By Virtue ordained within
the peoples of our lands,
does come a bond of
great proportions. Far
greater than the path
achieved even to reach it.

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